

MARTYRED MONUMENTS OF FRANCE

VOL. IX, No. 3

MARCH, 1920

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



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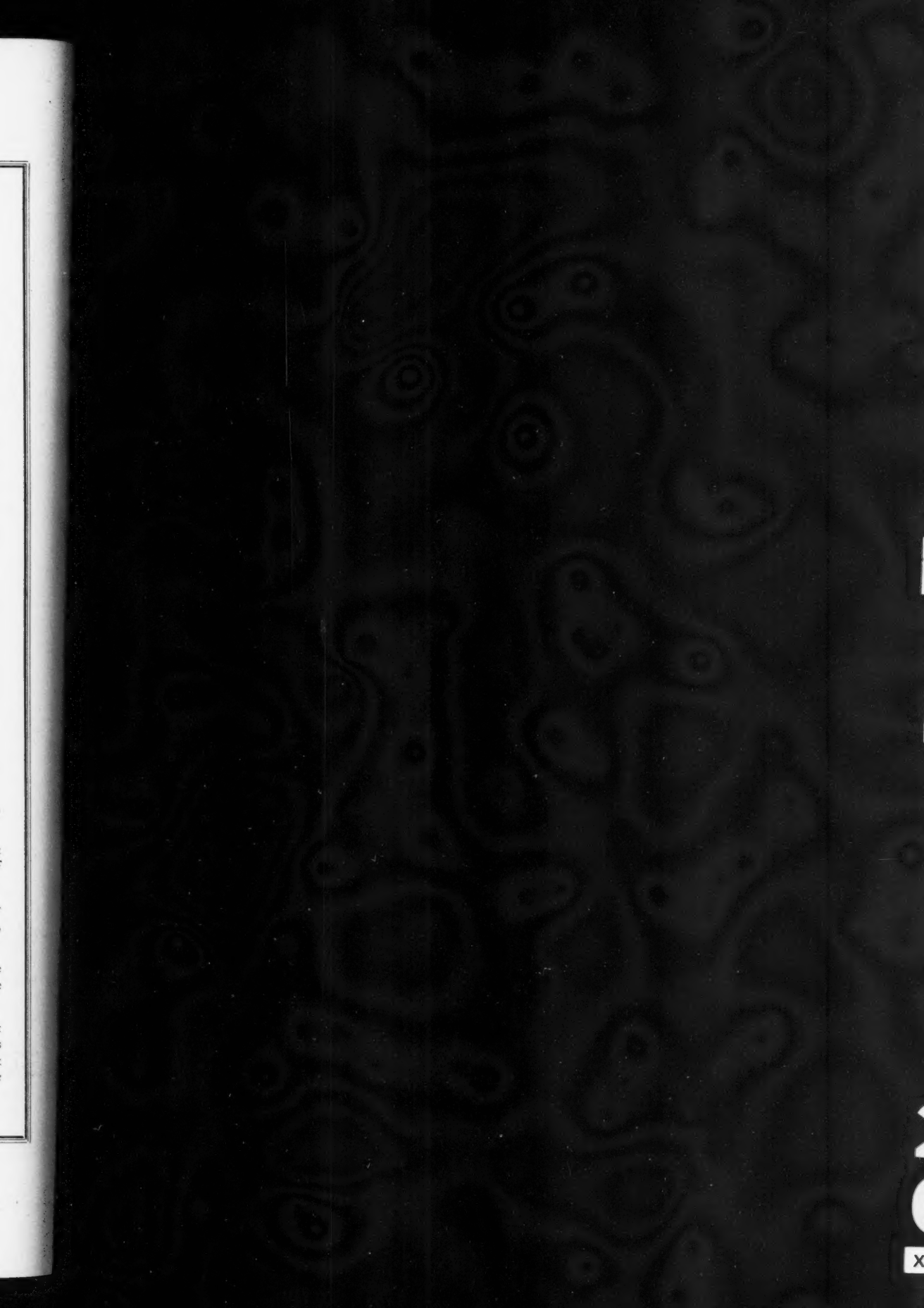
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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

(TITLE REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

VOLUME IX

MARCH, 1920

No. 3

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CONTENTS

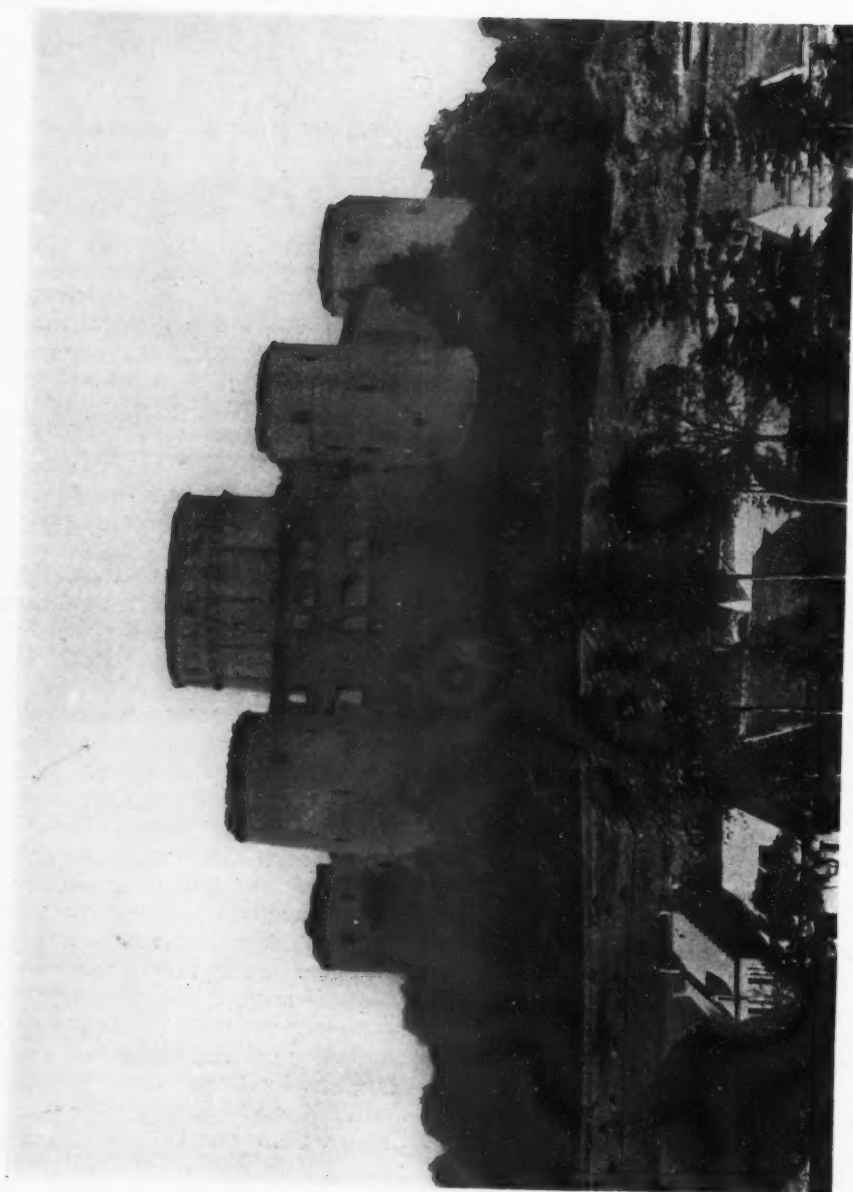
MARTYRED MONUMENTS OF FRANCE.—I. THE CASTLE OF COUCY (Eight Illustrations)	- - - Colonel Theodore Reinach	- - 107
STONEHENGE REVISITED (Six Illustrations)	- - - Wallace N. Stearns	- - 119
TO A TANAGRA FIGURINE (Poem)	- - - G. W. Nelson	- - 128
CONTEMPORARY PAINTING AT THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART (Ten Illustrations)	- - - Virgil Barker	- - 129
BURIED CITIES (Poem)	- - - Edith Whitehead Wilmer	- - 140
A MARBLE VASE FROM THE ULUA RIVER VALLEY, HONDURAS (Three Illustrations)	- - - George Byron Gordon	- - 141
CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS	- - -	146
BOOK CRITIQUES	- - -	148

TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance; single numbers, 35 cents. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect.
All correspondence should be addressed and remittances made to ART & ARCHAEOLOGY, the Octagon, Washington, D. C. Also manuscripts, photographs, material for notes and news, books for review, and exchanges, should be sent to this address.

Advertisements should be sent to CHANDLER & Co., Advertising Managers, 1 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.

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General view of the Castle of Coucy before the war.

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ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME IX

MARCH, 1920

NUMBER 3

MARTYRED MONUMENTS OF FRANCE

I. THE CASTLE OF COUCY

By COLONEL THEODORE REINACH,

Membre de l'Institut de France

NOTHING is more heart-rending, nothing has raised a deeper feeling of horror and disgust, not only among my own countrymen, but in the whole civilized world, than the wholesale destruction wrought by the retiring German armies at the end of the winter of 1917 in Picardie, Isle de France and Champagne.

Cities and villages, chateaux and churches, farms and orchards, walls and barns, the stately rows of elms and planes that lined our highways as well as the cheerful apple and cherry-trees scattered among our fields—everything fell a prey, not to the brutal outburst of an undisciplined soldiery, but to a systematic plan of devastation carried out with all the refinements of methods and science. The whole strip of land was turned to a hideous desert. Generations will rise and fall before this beautiful tract of France will have recovered something of its former aspect and prosperity; and how many, *many*

wounds, alas, are printed into its flesh forever, as an indelible monument of the achievements of "scientific barbarism."

Among the countless victims of that famous "Hindenburg withdrawal" none is more deserving of our regret and admiration than the feudal castle of Coucy. This celebrated structure was, in the words of one of our leading archaeologists, the most splendid keep in Europe, a work of Titans. Fancy that British generals, for fear that the invading Turk or Senoussi might use the summit of the Pyramid of Cheops as a point of vantage, should have blown up with gunpowder or dynamite that stupendous relic of remote ages and extinct civilizations: the crime against mankind would hardly have been more hateful than was the wanton destruction of the *donjon* of Coucy, a feat which Ludendorff, in his elaborate narrative of the clever withdrawal of 1917, avoids mentioning with a single word,



The "Salle des Preux" of the Chateau.

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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

as if perhaps even his armored conscience recoiled before the unpleasant subject!

However unimportant for military purposes in our own times, a glance at any good map shows how well chosen was the site of this famous castle from the point of view of the middle ages. Coucy rises on the spur of a hill, overlooking the valley of the Ailette, at the threshold of the well known "Massif de St. Gobain," a high, wooded tract, which forms, beyond the forests of Compiègne and Villiers Cotterets, beyond the long, steep ditches of the Aisne and Ailette, the further outward bulwark of the basin of Paris. The main roads from Chateau Thierry and Soissons to St. Quentin and from Noyon to Laon and Reims, cross each other at this point. Thus the master of Coucy, from his eagle's nest, could easily dart upon any of those flourishing towns, impede the traffic between them or exact a substantial tribute from the traders passing at the foot of his unconquerable "donjon."

Such a landmark must have been utilized and fortified since the earliest times of Gallic and again of Frankish history.

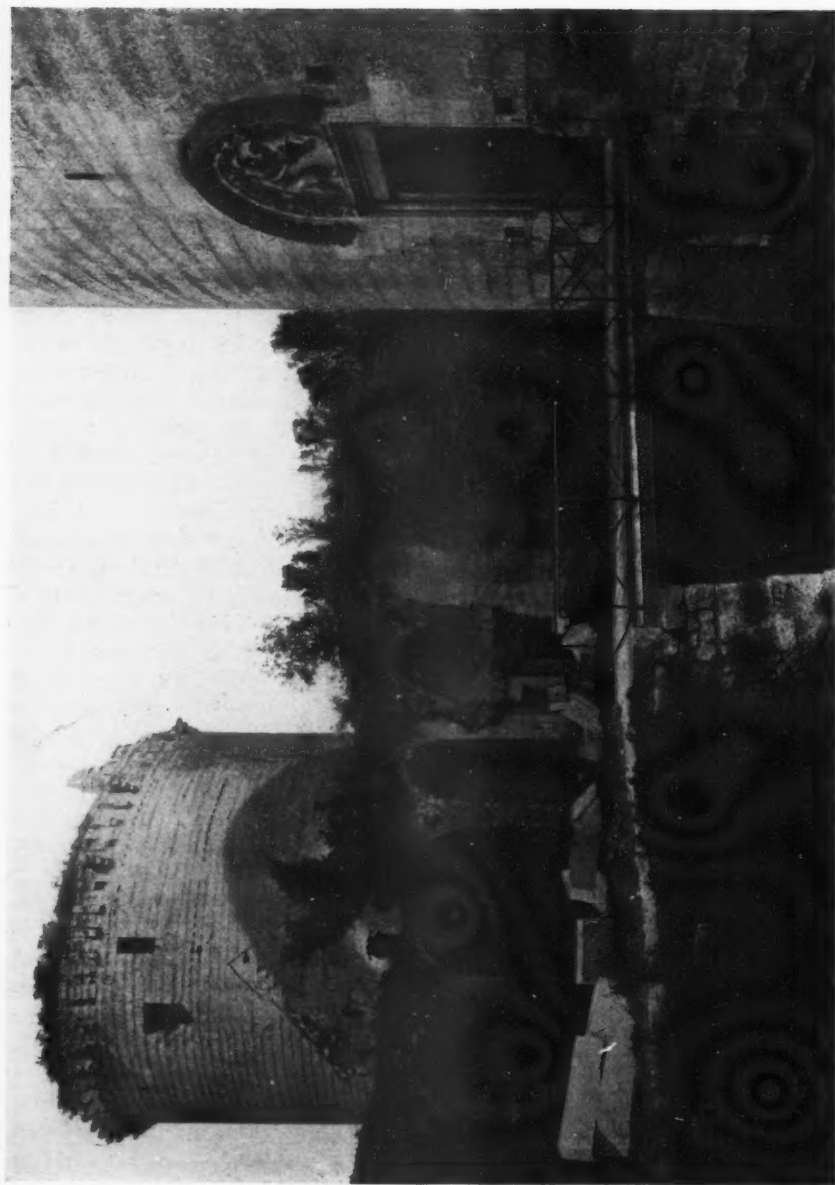
However, we have no record of a "castle" of Coucy before the tenth century and it was only in the first half of the thirteenth that the present castle—if the word *present* may still be used for a heap of smouldering ruins—was erected. This was the time when military architecture in our western countries rose to its zenith.

In the early days of feudalism—that is in the tenth and eleventh centuries, in the age of William the Conqueror and of Wace—there were as yet no keeps built in stone. The learned Caumont, who, about a hundred years ago, went over the whole of Normandy in

search of the strongholds of our old barons, found plenty of ditches, earthen hedges, mounds, but no remnants of walls, stones or foundations. The fact is that these early feudal castles, in France as well as in England, were nothing but large *square* towers of wood.¹ Our Norman barons used for their dwellings the perishable material that had served for the ships of their hardy ancestors, the half legendary Vikings, and, of course, time and casual fires made short work with them. It was not until the end of the eleventh century that some barons and kings began to raise keeps of stone, one of the first being the famous Tower of London. In the next century the fashion became general, but the architecture of these strongholds remained rather clumsy and primitive. The "donjon"—*dominium* from *dominus*—as its name vouches, was not simply a building of defence, but the actual dwelling-house of the feudal lord, and a very dismal one too, so dismal indeed that the French "donjon" became in English "dungeon," with the sense of a gaol. Fancy a square massive structure with very thick walls, very small windows, the ground-floor used as a store, the whole lordly family living in the large hall on the first floor, the only access to which was an outward staircase of wood—in fact rather a ladder than a staircase—which was removed at the earliest notice of danger. The spacious court-yard around this "donjon," closed in by a wall and ditch, served as refuge in time of siege for the neighbouring peasantry.

A new revolution in military architecture occurred at the end of the twelfth century, under the influence of eastern art, as has been convincingly

¹For representations of which see the tapestry of Bayeux.



Angle Tower and entrance to the *donjon*.

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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

proved by the investigations of Viollet le Duc, Dieulafoy, Rey and other learned archaeologists. The barons of France and England, carried over seas by the Crusades, noticed in Syria, Armenia, and Cyprus many cunning and magnificent strongholds planned by the Byzantines and the Arabs, the type of which, derived from remote Assyrian and Persian models, had slowly improved under the pressure and by the lessons of unceasing warfare. Several beautiful specimens of these eastern castles may still be admired in Palestine, in Phoenicia, in Lower and Upper Syria, all countries now delivered from the secular scourge of Turkish misrule and, it is to be hoped, looking forward to a new era of prosperity and civilization. This new type was carried back to the west by such lords and kings who returned from the Crusade, especially by Richard Coeur de Lion and his rival Philip Augustus: the famous Chateau-Gaillard, the admirable ruins of which are still visible near the Andelys in Normandy, may be considered as the first, and perhaps the most remarkable, specimen of the new style of feudal military architecture inspired by the East, uniting the requisites of strength, comfort and beauty.

What a king had achieved at Chateau-Gaillard, a baron dared, a generation later, to realize at Coucy. True that Enguerrand, third of this name, lord of Coucy, was not an ordinary nobleman; he was a man of royal descent, his mother being a granddaughter of King Louis VI.

The whole family were renowned for their cruelty, boldness and utter unscrupulousness. Their history is a long succession of heroic achievements and dastardly crimes. Everybody knows their motto, the proudest of the French nobility:

*Roi ne suis, Ne¹ prince ne duc ne comte aussi:
Je suis le Sire de Coucy.*

Enguerrand III had been married three times; his estates were extended, his wealth very large, and some whispered that he stretched out his hand toward the crown of France. It was in the troubled times of the minority of King Louis IX—Saint Louis—under the regency of Blanche of Castile, that this man, to serve some obscure political aims, set about to build, or rather rebuild, the strongest castle which had ever been in France, nay in Europe.

As I said above, the advantageous site of the plateau of Coucy had long before that age been used for defensive purposes. It consists mainly of two twin hills, divided by a gully which was threaded by a draw-bridge. The eastern and lower one bore the small town of Coucy, surrounded by a strong rampart of irregular pentagonal shape, flanked with several round and fortified gates—especially the famous *porte de Laon*, a masterpiece of military architecture. The steeper hill on the west bears the lordly keep, enclosed in a wall of very similar form to that of the town, but of smaller development. A stronghold in this place, erected by archbishop Hervé of Reims, is mentioned as far back as 900 A. D. and was at that time deemed almost impregnable. But it must have been a child's toy compared with the gigantic structure now raised by Enguerrand the third, and which seems to have been, in all essentials, completed during a comparatively short space of time, between 1220 and 1242 A. D.

The ground plan of this "new castle," as professor Emile Male has well shown, offers many points of likeness with those eastern fortresses I have just mentioned, and especially with the

¹ Ne old French for *ni* (neither).



Restored view of the Castle of Coucy in the XIV Century.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

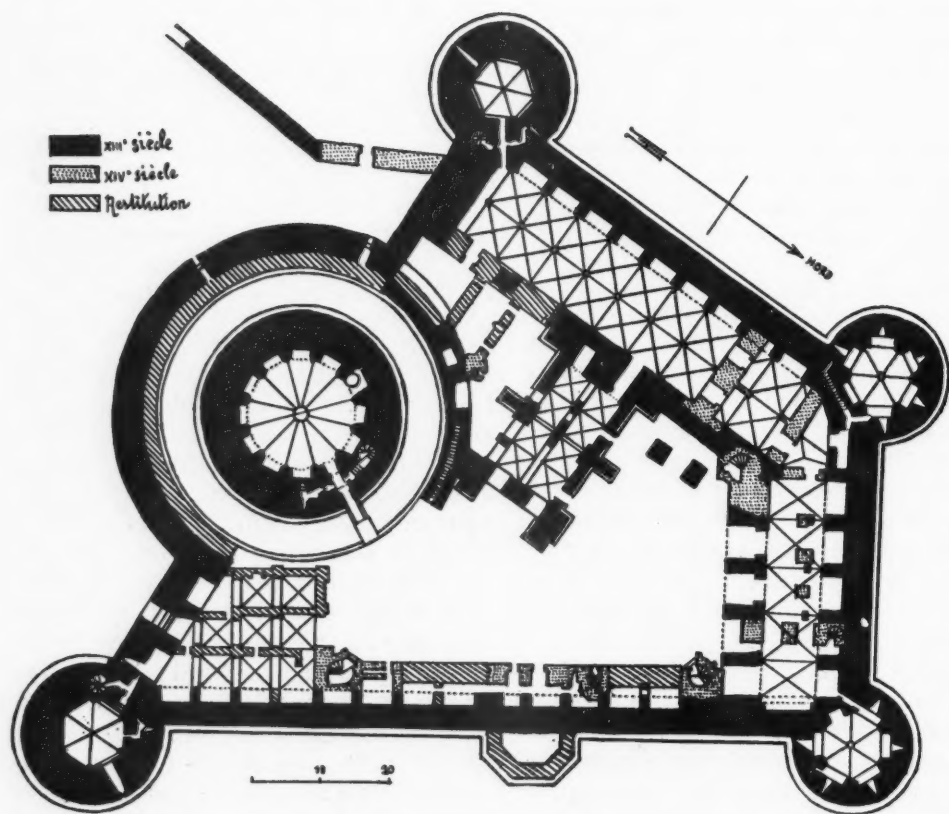
wonderful castle of Margat, near Tortosa, which the Arab Sultan, as the legend goes, was only able to conquer with the help of the four archangels, the airplanes of those days. The greater part of the surface of the enclosure—three sides of which are flanked with regular towers connected by curtains—are occupied by an immense outward court—*basse-cour*—a kind of *place d'armes* where a large garrison could assemble and manœuvre. Here are spacious magazines for stores, a well and a romanesque chapel of the twelfth century, instalments providing both for the health of the body and the welfare of the soul. Then, behind a large moat 60 feet wide, rises the manor proper, crowning the summit of the hill. It has the shape of an irregular quadrangle, clad in thick walls; at each angle stood a big round tower, 60 feet in diameter, capped with a conical roof. Notice that in those days all towers were made round, and for military reasons: the engineers had observed that square towers, as they had been formerly in use, admit at their corners of so-called "dead ground," on which an assailant can creep, unseen and unpunished, up to the very foot of the wall.

The towers of the quadrangle are, as the earlier *donjons*, both structures of defence and lodgings; each of them consists of several stories, and at every story there is a large Gothic hall, well heated and well lighted. However, these lodgings were supplemented by a much finer *suite* of apartments, forming two large rectangles, built inside the inner court-yard of the castle proper, solidly founded on rows of blind arches and leaning against the curtains of the western and northern walls. One of these buildings—the western and larger one—contained the so-called "Hall of the

Worthies" (*Salle des Preux*), thus named from a celebrated mantel-piece adorned with statues of nine famous warriors of legend and classical history—Joshua, David, Alexander, etc.—to whom, last, not least, Charles of Orleans added finally our own Duguesclin. In the northern building was a large hall, termed, for a like reason, the *Salle des Preuses* or "Hall of the Ladies." Both halls were provided with stained glass windows, and a document tells us how much money was requisite at one time to repair one of these "*vitraux*" which the favorite monkey of "Madame la Baronne" had broken, through. A large and beautiful chapel a spacious kitchen and various other dependencies filled up the space between the "Hall of the Worthies" and the "*donjon*." Not a little part of these additions, as well as the rearrangement of the two large halls and the tasteful restoration of the whole manor, are due to a descendant of the first builder of the manor, Enguerrand the seventh, the son-in-law of the king of England, Edward III, a valiant knight and clever statesman, whose long and romantic career found an end in the "crusade" of Nicopolis, against the Turks (1396 A. D.).

* * *

Now to the keep, or "*donjon*" properly so called, the main and central feature of the whole organization. In the middle of the southern side of the quadrangle, the side bordering on the "*place d'armes*" and therefore the most exposed to an attack, protruded an enormous semi-circular bastion or *chemise* 60 feet high, which, in its turn, enclosed a mighty round tower of unparalleled height, width and thickness. Indeed the diameter of this monstrous cylinder was no less than 93 feet, the walls were 22 feet thick. The main



*From the plan in M. E. Lefèvre Pontalis's book
 "Le Château de Cruzy"
 by A. Ventra*

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

structure rose upwards of 160 feet high; its attic, hooped with a wreath of oak, was crowned, instead of a roof, with four pinnacles which disappeared at an early age; at the top of each of these turrets the banner of the Sire of Coucy waved at a height of more than 200 feet, a quite respectable altitude even for a New York or Chicago sky-scraper. The base of this tower, by far the biggest ever built in Europe, instead of containing, as usual, a cellar, is a solid block of stone, about 17 feet in height, equally invulnerable to the sapper or to the miner. The entrance door, on the north side, to which led a draw-bridge, was surmounted with a handsome relief showing a knight fighting against a lion,¹ a not improper emblem for a castle the whole of which, with its battlements and corner towers, reminds a witty archaeologist of a lion driving solidly his claws into the ground!

Now the defence of this *réduit*, ensured by the tremendous thickness of the walls, was still enhanced by the ingenious arrangement of the finishing terrace. On the top of the tower, a series of protruding consols or corbels, communicating with as many Gothic arcades, were arranged as a permanent framework for a row of wooden beams; through these protected openings or *machicoulis* the defenders could hurl stones, fling flaming brands or any sort of missiles against an assailant as he tried to approach the slanting foot of the tower. The "donjon" seems not to have been used as a dwelling place, but as a gigantic store house and barracks; each of its three stories, connected by a large staircase, contained,

however, a beautiful Gothic hall vaulted over and resting on pillars, with a ring of niches not unlike the chapels around the apse of a cathedral. A thousand men of arms could easily find room in the hall of the second floor.

* * *

Notwithstanding its prodigious strength, which defied several sieges, Coucy was, in the long run, compelled to submit to the authority of the King of France. The feudal family of Coucy died out with Enguerrand VII at the end of the fourteenth century, and the castle passed by sale into the hands of the House of Orleans, which completed some of its interior fittings. Then it came by inheritance, in 1498, to the royal estate. In the seventeenth century, during the troubled days of the "Fronde," a rebel governor tried once more to use the castle as a stronghold; but the times were changed, and cannon proved mightier than the walls. Then it was that the gates and the splendid Halls of the *Preux* and *Preuses* were pulled down, nay Cardinal Mazarin ordered the "donjon" itself to be blown up with gunpowder by his famous engineer Métezeau. But, happily, gunpowder could not do the work (1652). The vaults of the several stories collapsed, the main fabric remained unshattered. From this time forth the walls of Coucy served as a quarry for the neighboring peasantry; the donjon, sometimes used as a prison, remained standing as a gigantic, empty trumpet of stone, where the wind blew freely in, amid the crumbling, but easily discernible, remains of the dwelling houses, enclosures and towers, all in all the most beautiful ruin in France, an incomparable lesson for archaeologists, an object of profound admiration for all

¹This sculpture—now completely disappeared—had been much restored in the time of Viollet-le-Duc. In fact little more than the lion's tail and one paw was quite genuine.



Present state of the interior of the Castle.



Present state of the interior of the Castle, another view.

minds open to artistic feelings and to the reverence of by-gone ages.¹

Such was the wonderful relic of old France which, in the spring of 1917, the Germans determined to blow up with dynamite. The pretence was of course that the tower *might* be used as a military observatory; but, if the retreating foe had offered to respect the time-hallowed monument, on condition of it *not* being used for military purposes, is there any doubt that the proposal would have been accepted? However, the case of the steeple of Reims which the Germans persisted in shelling under the same pretence until 1918, although

it was proved that *no* post of observation or signalization had ever been set up there since the 8th of September, 1914, shows that there was something else in this fearful deed than military forethought; it was an act of envy, of hatred and of selfish brutality. One of the glories of France, much admired and quoted ever by German scholars, was to be wiped out and it was so.

For, this time, the work was carried out thoroughly. The splendid "donjon" which had defied the gunpowder of Mazarin fell a victim to the dynamite of Hindenburg. Its colossal cylinder tumbled to the ground as a house of cards built by children; in a moment's time the main tower, as well as the lesser, but still formidable, towers of the enclosure, were reduced to a heap of rubbish, a quarry of stones, where

¹The castle, given back as an appanage by Louis XIV to the (new) house of Orleans, became in 1856 the property of the State, which was content with some very urgent cleaning and preservative measures, and the picking up of fragments of sculpture, collected in a small museum.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

even the trained eye of a scholar is at a loss to make out the design, nay the very place, of the magnificent structures of yore. A glance thrown on the compared photos which accompany this paper will show, plainer than any words, the extent of the devastation, the hopeless state of the ruin. I myself visited what remains of the castle last summer; I wandered through the endless dales and hills of smouldering masonry, searching vainly for the features, which, in a preceding visit, ten years ago, had so deeply engraved themselves in my memory. The words of the poet, *etiam periere ruinae*, came to my mind, and my only bit of comfort was to meet a gang of German prisoners, led by a few *poilus*, who were just going to take their night quarters in the vast cellars of the chateau, be-

fore beginning next morning to clean the neighboring fields from thousands and thousands of shells and to rebuild the shattered cottages of our unfortunate peasants. May the sight of the hideous work of destruction wrought by their Emperor,¹ may the sense of the just retaliation brought about at last by the "inward justice" of history impress themselves strongly on the minds of these men and foster in them, for the future, feelings more humane and a better notion of true civilization in contradistinction to *Kultur!*

¹ In the *Figaro* of October 29, 1919, Mr. Arsène Alexandre testifies to the following characteristic anecdote. A Berlin architect, Lieutenant Keller, said a few months ago, in Maubeuge, to one of our museum keepers: "It was I who was commanded to blow up the donjon of Coucy. It was a fine piece of work. Let me tell you that all the measurements were taken so that Germany might build it up again!" God preserve us from a "reconstruction" of which Hohkoenigsburg in Alsace offers such a terrifying example!



Outward view of the ruins of the Castle.

STONEHENGE REVISITED

By WALLACE N. STEARNS

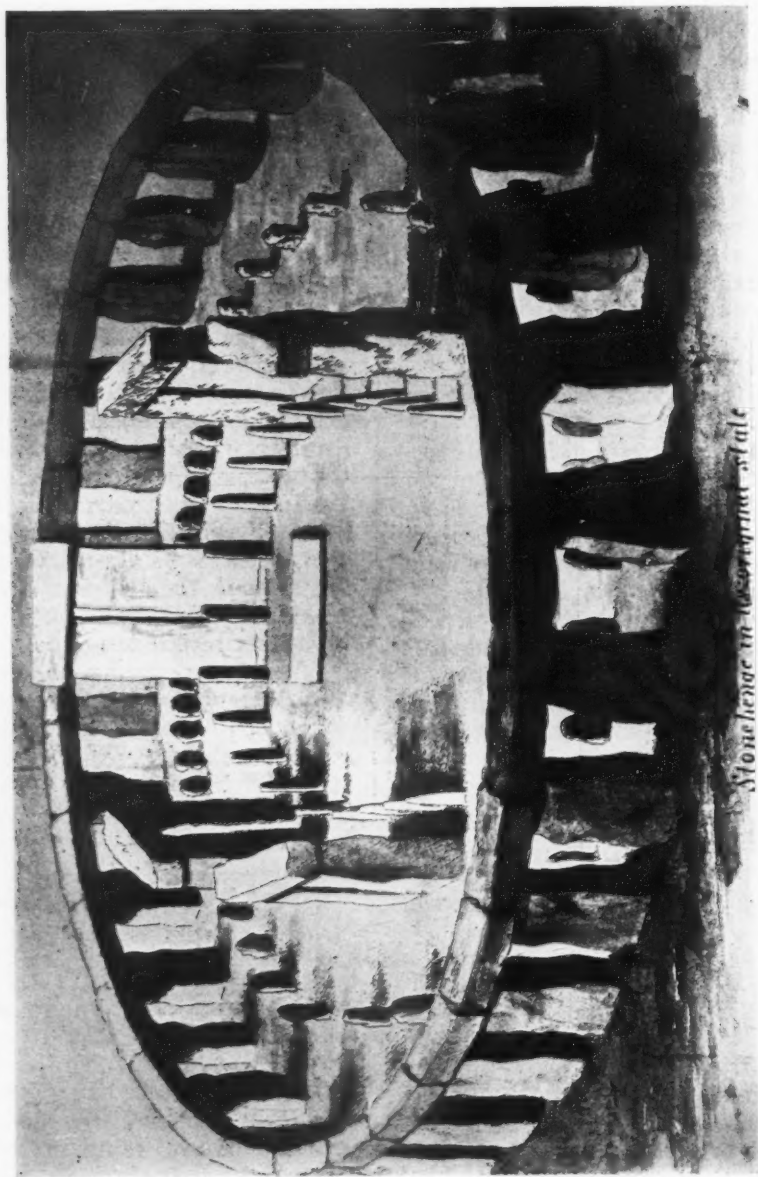
THERE are few bits of country more replete with interest than the Wiltshire Downs. Here is a bewildering complex of rolling chalk ridges and winding valleys; of upland meadow and woodland; scattering fields now made more scarce by the multiplying aviation camps. At the heart of the Downs is Salisbury Plain, one of the most historic spots under the British flag. To the north is Avebury, at the center is Stonehenge, to the south is the tower of Salisbury—records of approximately 5,000 years of human endeavor.

The first impression of the visitor to Stonehenge is one of disappointment. With a vision of Stonehenge as pictured in "restorations," he is deeply depressed by the seemingly chaotic mass of rough-hewn monoliths. As he studies the pile, however, order rises out of chaos, fallen columns take their places, shattered parts are joined together, the Hele stone plays its part, and the structure stands out with something akin to grandeur. Stonehenge is one of the world's wonders.

Proceeding in orderly manner to the study of this ruin, we first see a circular rampart, a ridge of earth about eighteen inches high and three hundred feet in diameter. Within this rampart is a portion of a circular group of monoliths with two inner semicircles of smaller stones, the inmost flanked by five huge trilithons. Outside the group, but still within the rampart, are three other stones whose significance will appear later. An avenue flanked by two earth ramparts extends toward the rising sun as it appears at the summer solstice. Of this avenue sections have been traced for twenty-two miles in

the direction of Avebury, where are remains of a still more ancient monument, the precursor of Stonehenge. Avebury is a circular rampart ruin fourteen hundred and eighty yards in circumference and forty feet high. The pretty little village goes far toward effacing the outline of the ancient work, though there were once six hundred and fifty monoliths within this enclosure of twenty-eight and three-fourths acres.

The circular rampart of Stonehenge is well preserved. Now that the ground is a national park the damage done by a military road will be remedied and the rampart fully restored. Within this circle the ground was holy, and even to this day is so regarded by visiting sun worshippers, who on entering remove their shoes. Of the four concentric circles and horseshoes, excavations reveal the stumps or bases of all the component monoliths that are no longer standing. There can be no doubt as to the form of the original building. The outer circle of stones consisted of thirty upright columns roughly faced on one side at least, and bound at top by lintels held in place by rough tenons and sockets, the so-called "toggle-joints." These "Sarsens" are of the local Wiltshire saccharoid sandstone that once ages back covered the South of England. On these downs only huge scattered fragments of this stratum remain, known to the native patois as "Grey Wethers." They look in the distance like gigantic sheep. The term "Sarsen," by the way, calls up the medieval mind, to which anything so seemingly superhuman was devilish, Saracenic. The stones in the next circle are smaller and are alien to



Stonehenge in its original state.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

England, brought, perhaps, from the Continent. Hundreds of chips witness that these stones were dressed after being brought to the site. The next group is a horseshoe of five huge trilithons, largest of the entire structure, megaliths of local origin. One of these huge columns, from which the lintel has fallen, was long known as the leaning stone but has now been restored to a vertical position. Nineteen feet six inches high this column stands, nine feet six inches in the ground, a total length of twenty-nine feet. One trilithon fell in 1625, another in 1797, and a third December 31, 1900. For generations back wandering gypsies had camped behind these ruins and built their fires in the lee of the monument. A long, soaking wet spell and the fierce storm of December 31 completed the destruction. After the damage was done the gypsies were barred from the site.

Next within this horseshoe is yet another horseshoe of the smaller, alien blue stones. Within these again and at the apex is a large altar stone of the native sandstone, deeply bedded in the earth.

Outside the monument but within the circle of the rampart are two smaller undressed sarsens, and just beyond the rampart to the northeast stands a third very large sarsen, sixteen feet above the ground. These three stones furnish the key to the solution of Stonehenge. This huge third stone, in medieval days known as the "Friar's heel," is a gnomon, a Hele stone. In line with this stone and just outside the group stands the sacrificial stone bearing a depression so marked as to be clearly the work of man. The two small sarsens stand respectively to the southeast and northwest.

At the summer solstice the rising sun shines down the rampart highway, and just as it seems to rest on the Hele stone like a ball of fire, sends its beams across the sacrificial stone, through the temple to the altar. The setting sun veers around to Hele stone number three, and sends its beams across the altar and through the temple to Hele stone number two. At the winter solstice the matter is reversed. The sun rises over Hele stone number two, shining across the altar to stone number three. The setting sun from the southwest shines through the temple, across the altar and sacrificial stone to the great Hele stone, the Friar's heel. The building was a sun temple or, possibly, dedicated to the heavenly bodies collectively. To religious purpose was added a scientific purpose as determining the seasons. The winter's fogs precluded any certainty of usefulness at the December solstice, but the June season is generally clear.

Sir Norman Lockyer's astronomical calculations reckon back to 1680 B. C., allowing a couple of centuries for possible errors. This is our first datum for estimating the antiquity of the structure. Eight feet and three inches below the present surface there has been found a stratum yielding invaluable evidence—stone chips, pottery, neolithic implements as hammers, axes, and mauls, in all a hundred specimens or more. There is no trace of iron and a single copper stain may be from an ornament. Again, chippings of the foreign stones occur in the barrows, confessedly of the bronze age. The barrows are later than the temple structure itself. Allowing a century for possible errors, scholars generally assign the date of Stonehenge to about 2000 B. C.



Looking toward the northeast. Between the central columns stands the Hele-stone. At sunrise, June 21st, the sun seems to rest on this stone like a ball of fire.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Wiltshire is rich in barrows, the long and the circular forms appearing. The long barrows were for interment, and beautifully chipped arrow heads appear and crudely shaped, undecorated pottery. Even secondary burials are indicated by the presence of bronze or even of iron articles. The long barrow men buried after cremation. Their burial urns were crude, hand-made jars, with primitive decorations, varying in capacity from a few pints to a bushel or more. The long barrow man, judging from numerous measurements, stood five feet six inches high; the round barrow men stood some three inches higher. The long barrow man is conjectured to have lived in the early Neolithic period. The round barrow men were later and of more advanced culture.

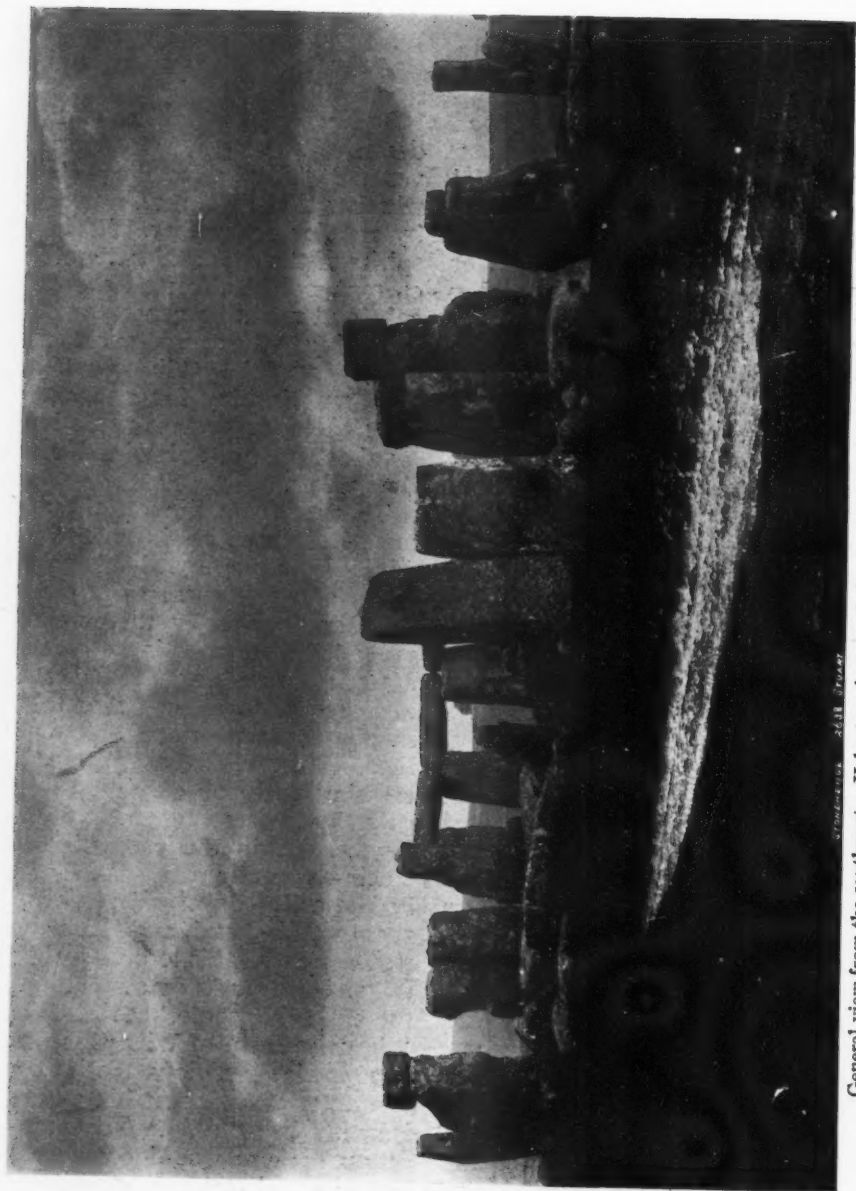
The work of erecting this temple was stupendous. Broken, perchance, from a large mass, hammered and picked into shape by the use of flint implements, dragged overland on rollers by oxen(?) and still cheaper human labor to their destination, these megaliths received their final preparation. By means of sloping trenches the columns were slid into the pits, and then, with levers, ropes of hide, and sheer physical strength, shoved over to a vertical position and filled in behind with rubble and earth, as excavations show. The marvel is the huge lintels stayed in place by the toggle-joints.

We would know more of the builders. Doubtless a rude nomadic stage was about this time superseded by a more settled form of existence, marked by the beginnings of a primitive agriculture. Already a community form of life appears, probably protective, and there must have been some settled form of government, and a recognition of rights. The ruler must have been an

autocrat, else how could so much labor be assembled with apparently so little hope of reward? The burials represent the members of the upper or ruling class, with whom wives and slaves frequently were buried.

There was some idea of life after death, else why the food and drink vessels? They were deeply religious whether that sentiment was prompted by wonder or by fear. Probably the spirits of the departed entered into the current worship, formed a part of the cult, and might be venerated or feared according to the character or reputation of the dead while yet living. That they prepared clothing for wear, and perhaps tents for protection, is indicated by the traces of animal skins used in the burials.

Then as now life on these downs must have been at times hard, and an unkindly climate helped to induce traits of fearlessness and resourcefulness, and gradually there must have prevailed a sense of law whereby men agreed, for the sake of mutual protection and safety, to abide by certain commonly accepted rules of community life. With this there came an increasing scale of culture, as is indicated by the growing traces of progress toward art in the successive burials. Their evident knowledge of the heavenly bodies, of days and seasons, stood them well in hand, and those to whom was entrusted this lore with the necessary leisure for study stood high in the esteem of the people, "the intellectuals," "the wise men." With this would be combined a religious distinction, the character of their worship and of their learning being akin. To these priest scholars there would come to be assigned an element of sanctity. They would become a caste. That lines would cross might often happen, but



General view from the southwest. Hele-stone is concealed. In the next view the stone stands erect and present attempts are shown to brace the stones against further calamity.



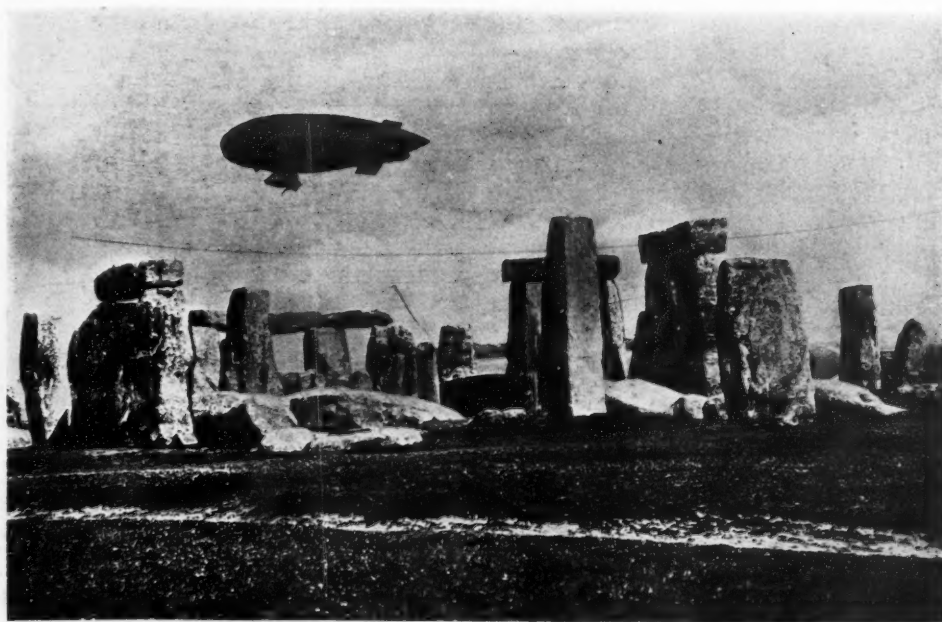
View from the south. The leaning stone now stands erect.



The coarse grain of the "Sarsons" appears, also the weathered condition of the stones.

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There is a large aviation camp about half a mile distant from Stonehenge.

ruling and priestly—scholar classes were probably separate. Beneath these, with no middle class so far as we know, were hoi polloi, swayed by superstitious fear and doing the bidding of the Chieftain.

Stonehenge, however, is part of a larger problem. From Norway to Brittany, from Cornwall to India, Menhir, Cairn, and Cromlech bear eloquent testimony to a mighty though rude civilization. The broken, kelp-covered stumps of megaliths, awash at high tide, point to the time when the present multitude of British Islands were the western fringe of the continent, and designate possible lines of travel in those far-away times. The visitor to Brittany learns of more than six thousand of these memorials of the late stone age. These massive menhirs and dolmens culminate in the tremendous alignments of Carnac. This ruin

comprising twenty-eight hundred and thirteen menhirs, is the mightiest work of its kind on the planet. Three groups stand very nearly in a line, west, east and northeast, 3,900 meters long, probably survivors of a still greater construction:

Menes 1167m x 100m, 1169, E. by N. E.
Kermario 1120m x 101m, 982, N. E.
Kerlescan 880m x 139m, 579, E.

A host of legends, many of them from the Middle Ages, cluster about these monuments. It is to be noted that often ancient churches stand near these monuments and menhirs are sometimes found that bear a Christian cross on their crests. Over the door of the old church at Carnac is the interesting sculpture of St. Cornély and the oxen. It is well known that the church leaders and missionaries were wise, making use of the folk-tales and superstitions of the people but injecting the

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

new Christian spirit. Back of St. Cornély and his story is the tale of Mithra. The Roman legions transferred from Asia Minor to Western Europe might well have carried with them the tenets of Mithraism. Indeed, the survivals of these shrines are found as far west as Britain and as far north as Germany. But back of all these are the indubitable marks that date at least the beginnings of these monuments to the Neolithic period.

On the site of ancient Gezer stand monoliths, perhaps not all erected at one time, but before the days of Hebrew occupation. This site dates as a high place to 2,000 to 2,500 years B. C. There was cave-life here 3,000 B. C. if not before.

Beyond the Jordan, in the volcanic region of Jaulan, shivered masses of

black basaltic rock have been utilized in the building of dolmens, the field of Ain Dakkar, for instance, covering an area of twenty acres. Here are additional links in the megalithic chain from Ireland to the Indies. Civilization was earlier in the East than in Western Europe, but interesting are these reminders of a crude culture wedged in between the progressive peoples of the Nile and Euphrates.

There is work ahead for the student of ancient history. There is need that some master hand synchronize the happenings of this ancient date and give us a picture of the world as it stood 4,000 years ago, that Hammurapi, Abraham, and Amenemhet may be lined up with their less known but no less interesting contemporaries.

McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

To A Tanagra Figurine

Little Lady, with step so stately,
Are you going to tea in Tanagra?
Rare and austere you are,
Yet mortal, not Goddess bright;
Knowing companionship, restful, charming
And sweet. For your high-born, daily grace,
Every delicate line of your garment fine,
With its quiet folds; your poise so firm,
Your dainty fan, your hat so chick
The gentle ways of society tell.

The thoughts you think, the things you love,
Your soft speech, crystal-clear, know I.
And you—with gaze so winning frank,
So true—my friend I name.
Then together let's go,
While blossomed winds call,
To tea in the gardens of Tanagra.

G. W. NELSON



"Peonies," by Edward F. Rook, awarded the "Third W. A. Clark Prize" of \$1,000, accompanied by the Corcoran Bronze Medal.

CONTEMPORARY PAINTING AT THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

By VIRGIL BARKER

BY THE time this number of "ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY" appears, the Seventh Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings will have become a closed chapter in the story of our artistic activities. That exhibits of this sort should come to an end is more often than not a cause for satisfaction among those who are critically concerned with them; for comparatively few of them do anything more than maintain a rather low standard of art. But in this respect the Corcoran's showing of current painting stands out from the majority in so pronounced a way that the brevity of its existence may be sincerely lamented. Indeed, those who saw it adequately

will long recall it as an example of how high an ideal can occasionally be realized in this type of exhibition. The praise given it by critics in the metropolitan daily papers and weekly journals was honest and ungrudging; and the monthlies devoted to the cause of art must likewise pay tribute, even though it be belated, to this exhibit's importance and beauty.

The widespread interest in the award of his generously donated prizes should be cause for pleasure to former Senator Clark; and the fact that he has played this rôle in every one of the Corcoran's series of Contemporary Exhibitions is reason enough to hope he will make permanent provision for their con-

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

tinuation. Certainly the steady increase in importance attendant on the series, culminating in this latest show, warrants such action on his part. And just as the combined popular and artistic interest was this time manifested on a larger scale than ever before, so the combined popular and artistic approval of the awards made was more

the exhibit in the New York "Evening Post," wrote: "One searches in vain for a lovelier 'genre' picture of American origin . . ."

In addition to this canvas, Mr. Benson sent another which seems to some, the writer among them, even more lovely. It is a very simple subject, comprising only a table-top on which



"The Open Window," by Frank W. Benson, awarded the "First W. A. Clark Prize" of \$2,000, accompanied by the Corcoran Gold Medal.

general and more pronounced than on any previous occasion.

The measure of approval was especially marked in the case of the first-prize painting. Mr. Benson's position in our art has, of course, been long established; therefore to say that in "The Open Window" he has surpassed himself is high praise indeed. It is only fitting that such honor was paid to a work of which so distinguished a painter as Ben Foster, in his review of

are two candles, a bowl of fruit and a parrot; but the richness and charm with which these things are rendered make the picture one to love deeply and lastingly.

The second-prize picture, "The Sunny Hillside," by Charles H. Davis, was placed immediately beside Benson's prize-picture. This juxtaposition was a mere coincidence, of course, since the hanging was completed before the prize awards were made; but it made

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

inevitable an enlightening comparison. To say that in this painting Davis failed to carry conviction is to express a merely personal judgment, to be sure; but it is an opinion held in common by a respectable number of persons.

The third prize was awarded to the painting "Peonies" by Edward F. Rook. This seems to be a painting for

works and in their hanging of all four in prominent positions would be fair occasion for congratulating the painter.

The fourth-prize picture, "October," by William S. Robinson, is a satisfying landscape in the best tradition of the American school for poetic quality and craftsmanship.

The jury responsible for the foregoing awards and for the beautiful arrange-



"Nude," by Richard E. Miller.

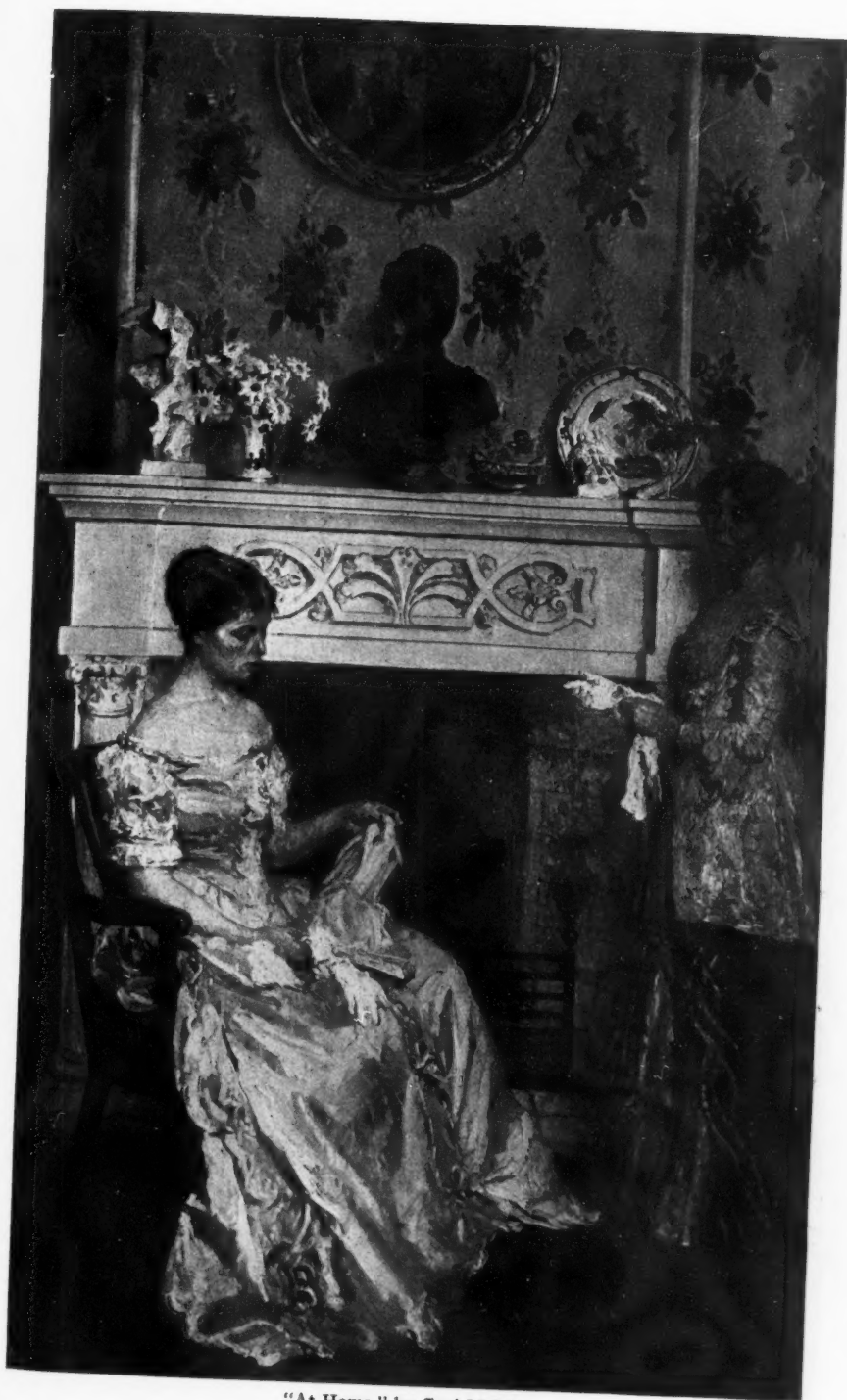
painters, much as Keats' poetry is for poets; it requires a painter to appreciate fully the mastery displayed in the handling of the pigment. Rook's pictures as a group made up an interesting contribution to the exhibition. In addition to his prize picture, he showed three others. Even without the prize award, the measure of approval by such a body of painters as this year's jury in their acceptance of these four

ment of the paintings shown was composed of Mr. Willard L. Metcalf, Chairman; and Messrs. Daniel Garber, Richard E. Miller, Lawton Parker, and Charles H. Woodbury.

All of these painters were well represented in the Exhibition. Mr. Parker's "Paresse" has had an interesting career ever since it won a gold medal at the Paris Salon; and though Washington had hoped for something



"Portrait of John D. Rockefeller," by John S. Sargent.



"At Home," by Gari Melchers.



"Overlooking the Valley," by Edward W. Redfield.



"October," by William S. Robinson, awarded the "Fourth W. A. Clark Prize" of \$500, accompanied by the Corcoran Honorable Mention Certificate.



"Where waters flow and long shadows lie," by Gardner Symons.

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"Canton Street," by Frederick Clay Bartlett.

more recent from Mr. Parker, it was still glad to have sight of this distinguished work. Mr. Woodbury was represented, not by a brilliant marine such as the two he showed three years ago, but by a painting of Mount Monadnock, very strongly done and with a fine feeling for mass and weight. Mr. Garber sent two pictures very characteristic in manner; the smaller one, showing a little girl under an apple tree in bloom, was highly decorative. Two landscapes by Mr. Metcalf were justly admired; indeed, this painter

may always be trusted to maintain his generally acknowledged prestige. Mr. Miller's "Nude," herewith reproduced, is a work which well sustains his reputation as one of our most notable figure painters. The luscious quality of the light-bathed flesh, the firm yet yielding surface, so subtly and truly distinguished from the drapery and accessory still-life, all make this a brilliant piece of painting.

Gari Melchers' "At Home," included among the illustrations, is not only great in size but great in technical



"Boy and Angel" (unfinished), by Abbott H. Thayer.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

achievement. But a subject somewhat prosaic in itself would have gained in interest if done on a smaller and more intimate scale. This observation can not, of course, take away from the triumphant technique of the picture as it is; and Mr. Melchers is too fine a painter for us to be anything else than grateful to have him on any terms.

Not many are in a position to pronounce truthfully as to Sargent's faithfulness to life in his "Portrait of John D. Rockefeller"; but any who are willing can perceive the greatness of the painting itself. Certainly the public benefactions announced on the first day of this year were of a kind and on a scale proper to the man presented by Sargent; for from this canvas emanates a fine personality.

The talent for landscape painting which has perhaps always been the most outstanding characteristic of the American school is well exemplified in two more of the accompanying illustrations. Edward W. Redfield's "Overlooking the Valley," together with his others in similar vein, showed a great departure in subject-matter from his previous work, and the increased brilliancy of surface that accompanies this change is most welcome. The lengthily named picture by Gardner Symons is not only the finest thing yet done by this important painter but also one of the best seen anywhere in recent years. The Corcoran Gallery must have considered it a particular honor to present this work fresh from the artist's studio, for it signified as much by immediate purchase.

In addition to the landscape by Symons, the Gallery purchased, from those which have just been considered, Woodbury's "Monadnock" and the two prize-pictures by Benson and Rook.

Five more thus singled out are Felicie Waldo Howell's capable "New England Street," Bertha E. Perrie's truly observed group of boats "In Gloucester Harbor," Frederick C. Frieske's delicate "Lady in Pink," Robert Spencer's version of homely beauty called "The Red Boat," and Robert Henri's wholly delightful "Willie Gee."

The last of the ten paintings making up this notable group is here reproduced. Frederick Clay Bartlett's "Canton Street" is a most successful piece of decoration, not merely by virtue of novelty in subject but as well by reason of the skill with which all minor variations of color are eliminated for the sake of the striking effect. What in less capable hands would have been merely garish is here bold without offensiveness and charming without weakness.

In the judgment of the writer, the finest thing in the entire exhibition was Abbott Thayer's unfinished "Boy and Angel." (See page 138.) From a technical point of view, there is a Greek mastery in the handling of the drapery, admirable simplicity in the varying planes of the angel's foreshortened face, and compelling power in the gesture of the uplifted arm. But animating the whole there is a spirit which is apparently beyond the reach of the majority of our living painters, who are too easily content with skill of eye and hand. A very natural and human little boy, not in the least sentimentalized, is yet transfigured by the sight of what the angel points out to him. Immediately over his head the glorious yellow drapery of his mentor subtly assumes the appearance of flames, as if to symbolize what is essentially an act of consecra-

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

tion. The angel might be repeating those beautiful lines by William Blake:

I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

An exhibition which affords opportunity for showing this one picture is worthy of remembrance for a life time, for Thayer's painting embodies one of the noblest conceptions in the whole range of American art.

But aside from the interest of any and all individual pictures, the character of the exhibit as a whole is worthy of praise. Even so distinguished a jury as the one invited this time could not have assembled a fine exhibition unless the quality of the work had been high. Because of this, therefore, one is justified in predicting a period of notable

progress just ahead. There is indeed reason for encouragement in the fact that our painters have succeeded in maintaining artistic balance, not only amid the confusing and vociferative art movements which came to our shores from ante-war Europe, but likewise amid the greater upheaval in which all such flurries have been obliterated. As evidenced by this latest showing of contemporary work at the Corcoran, our artists are very sanely and very rightly concerning themselves still with their proper business—the creation of beauty. And though this unusual array of pictures will never again be seen together, the memory of it will remain as a source of gratification at what has already been accomplished and of inspiration toward even greater achievements.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Buried Cities

Who digs for gold finds what he seeks to find:
The vein of ore enveloped in the sand,
Which, brought to light, he fashions with his hand
Into material likeness of his mind.

But he who in the love of human kind
Attacks those settled showers of deathful dust,
Seeks in the ash beneath the sheltering crust
Old secrets hid from e'en the prying wind.

He finds the household gods, the amulets,
The jewelled trappings of a life refined;
An art for which more barren times have sighed;
Strength, beauty, love, and passion petrified.

EDITH WHITEHEAD WILMER.

A MARBLE VASE FROM THE ULUA RIVER, HONDURAS

By GEORGE BYRON GORDON

DURING a series of explorations which I made in 1894 and again in 1896-97 in the valley of the Ulua River in Honduras, I had the good fortune to discover a number of remarkable sites that yielded rich archaeological treasures and proved that in ancient times the broad plain of Sula was the seat of a well-developed native civilization. My full report on these discoveries, published by the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, furnished abundant evidence of a strongly marked local culture with distinguishing characteristics that flourished in close contact with neighboring peoples of distinct cultures and in communication with several more remote peoples in different parts of America.

These points of contact between the ancient dwellers in the Ulua Valley and other centers of native American civilization left their marks in the form of numerous importations. The collection found during the excavations of 1896-97 includes objects in stone and in pottery that had their origin in parts as far distant as the Valley of Mexico on the one hand and Panama on the other.

A people who were so enterprising as to establish these various lines of communication and develop this far-reaching foreign trade would not have been slow to benefit by the contact with foreign ideas which that trade brought them, and their progress would not have failed to be accelerated in consequence of their traffic.

It is not surprising therefore to find that the purely local products exhibit

on the one hand a strong conservatism and on the other a degree of skill in their workmanship and an artistic merit that was not surpassed among any of the ancient civilized peoples of America.

This Ulua culture, like other ancient American cultures, is without date. That it was contemporary with the ancient Maya empire as well as with various cultivated peoples that flourished in Mexico, Costa Rica, and Panama, is proved by the products of these civilizations, unearthed at great depth below the surface in the banks of the Ulua; but until a sure method is found for determining the periods in the history of these better-known peoples, such associations will not aid us in establishing the dates of corresponding periods in the Ulua Valley.

Among the objects unearthed during the excavations in the banks of the river, none possesses greater interest than a group of vessels made of a fine white marble and carved on the outside with a bold design presenting highly distinctive features.

Two vases of this kind were already known in public collections, one in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and one in the Musée du Trocadero in Paris; but the provenance of these was unknown before the discoveries to which I have referred.

Some of the sites in which the excavations were conducted are near a native village called Santa Ana. It is an extensive site, and the excavations, although carried to a great depth in order to uncover the deep



A Marble Vase from Honduras, in the University Museum, Philadelphia.

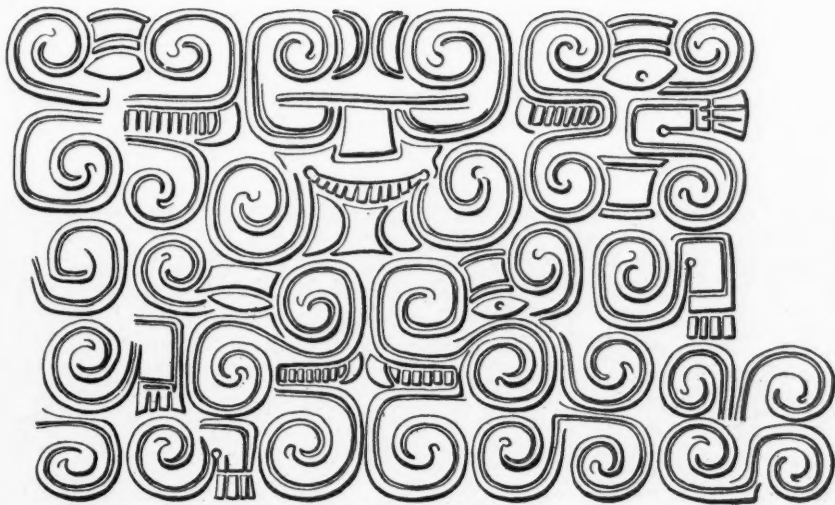


FIG. 2.—Development of Main Design, obverse.

layers that contained the buried relics, were by no means exhaustive. From time to time in succeeding years the annual floods, undermining the banks, have brought to light various earthenware vessels and carved stone objects similar to those obtained from the excavations on the same site and which are now in the Peabody Museum. Among the artifacts thus unearthed are examples of the elaborately worked stone vases already mentioned, several of which are now in the collections of the University Museum of Philadelphia. One of them illustrates so well the characteristic properties of the purely local art and industry of the Ulua Valley that it may stand as representative of the whole class, illustrating as it does the artistic and symbolic attributes as well as the craftsmanship that belongs peculiarly to this group of stone vases from the valley mentioned.

The vase measures nine and three-quarter inches high and six inches broad at the rim. On opposite sides the most striking feature is presented

in the form of a pair of projecting handles, which, carved from the one piece of marble, stand out boldly from the circular contour of the vessel. The design of these handles is quite extraordinary, and its execution is no less remarkable. Each handle represents a pair of animals of different kinds, the larger animal in each case, attached dorsally to the body of the vase, forming the main feature of the handle. The head, projecting horizontally, forms the upper part of the handle. The smaller animal is held in the claws of the larger. The position is so reversed that the head forms the lower termination of the handle. The ventral surfaces of the two animals, being brought into close contact, are not sharply defined in the carving of details. The dorsal part of the smaller animal however is carved in detail, with a serrated line which extends from the head to the end of the tail. The head of this smaller animal is turned sideways so as to face to the left in each case.

The animals represented in these two remarkable groups present distinguish-



FIG. 3.—Development of Main Design, reverse.

ing marks, but it would be idle to attempt to identify the species. There is a presumption in favor of supposing the larger one to be either the jaguar or the puma, because these are the two most conspicuous animals of Central America. There is some suspicion also that the smaller is the iguana.

The cylindrical surface of the vase is divided into four zones. The uppermost zone consists of a plain rim and a sculptured band. Next comes the principal band occupying the body of the vase and entirely covered with ornament of elaborate and curious composition. Below this is another band of ornament corresponding to the one at the top, followed by a narrow plain band. The fourth zone occupies the base of the vessel, which is an inch and a half high. This surface is again divided into two bands, the upper of which is perforated at intervals, while the lower is worked out into a simple decorative border. The broad central zone corresponding to the main field of decoration claims especial attention. (See fig. 1.)

In order to explain the elements or units that enter into the composition of this ornament it is necessary to have

recourse to drawings and to divide the contour into two semi-cylindrical surfaces separated by the handles. (Figs. 2, 3.) What may be called the principal unit in the design, is repeated with striking alterations on the other side. The unit of design, next in importance, occurs eight times, yet in no case is it repeated in the same form. The minor units of design are manifestly three in number, readily comprehended, each of which again passes through its conjugation on either side of the vessel in making up the composition of the ornament.

The distribution of the various units of design is such as to produce a well-balanced effect, and a first glance gives the impression that this balance is produced by repeating the units symmetrically in such manner that each unit is balanced by its counterpart placed in contrary motion opposite. To assume this to be the case, however, would be a great mistake, as anyone will find who attempts to copy the design. The variety of expressions with which the few elements are introduced in their assigned positions in order to give balance without repetition, and with the entire absence of

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

mechanical effect, is admirable. A similar refinement of feeling distinguishes the entire vase. While in itself perfectly symmetrical to the eye, its lines are not mechanical, and they are not laid down by any instrument of precision. The ornament in all its parts betrays the same characteristic freedom. Even the bands above and below the main zone, although composed of the same elements, occur in different numerical combinations and in contrary motion.

It would be as useless to speculate concerning the symbolism of all this ornament as it would be to guess at the service for which the vessel was designed. We are at liberty to assume that so elaborate and refined an object had a ceremonial function and that its symbolism corresponds to ideas associated with its use, but its interpretation is quite beyond our reach.

What I am concerned with here, however, is not so much the interpretation of this object with respect to its symbolism as to call attention to its qualities as a work of art. These are of very high order and of such character that they afford striking demonstration of certain relations and bring into view a number of interesting facts. The artist that executed this work was a master of design; it would indeed be

difficult to match it anywhere. His art, moreover, is the expression of a liberal culture that must have had a wide application. It had those qualities of conscious power that everywhere marks a definite stage in the progress of human endeavor in the field of art. It corresponds to the period of instinctive feeling. It is a phase of art that belongs to that older inheritance of rugged strength and assurance in which the impulse of the artist's mind is as ingenuous as the work of his hand is spontaneous. It is a phase that always precedes, by a very long way, that period of labored affectation and painful groping that is our more recent inheritance in the field of art. It is so remote from our own artistic experience that we wonder at its appeal.

This ancient vase from Honduras carries with it qualities that are common to all treasures of antiquity wherever they may be found. It adds the weight of its testimony to the abounding evidence that culture in ancient America had made great and diversified advances, and that among many prehistoric peoples of the western continents a very fine artistic sense prevailed. It helps us to form a true estimate of the place which the prehistoric Americans occupied among the civilized peoples of antiquity.

The University Museum, Philadelphia.



CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

The College Art Association of America

THE College Art Association of America will hold its Ninth Annual Meeting April 1, 2, 3 at the Cleveland Museum of Art. The program presents a wide range of papers, and Round Table Discussions will be held on "Industrial Art" and "How Shall We Save the Humanities?". On Friday evening, April 2, a joint meeting will be held with the Classical Association of the Middle West and South. The Hotel Euclid will be the headquarters.

An Art Pilgrimage

An Art Pilgrimage to Europe under the guidance of Henry Turner Bailey, Director of the Cleveland Museum of Art, planned for the summer of 1920, will be sure to appeal to artists, teachers, students and all lovers of art who wish to form or renew an acquaintance with the supreme art centers of the world after the five years of deprivation incident to the world war. The itinerary that has been prepared by Intercollegiate Tours, Boston, extends from June 9 to September 13, and includes Paris, Pisa, Naples, Rome, Siena, Florence, Venice, Milan, Switzerland, Belgium, London, Oxford and many of the Cathedral towns of England. The lectures on art appreciation by Mr. Bailey in connection with the study of the masterpieces and his talks on individual artists will greatly enhance the value of the tour.

El Palacio

EL PALACIO, the journal of the School of American Research, Santa Fe, New Mexico, devoted to the arts and sciences of man in the southwest, appears as a 64-page monthly beginning with January 1920. The January number contains illustrated articles on "Los Hermanos Penitentes," by the editor Paul A. F. Walter, on "Archaeological Explorations in Northeastern Arizona" and "Pre-historic Villages" by Lansing B. Bloom, and interesting notes on Museum Events and Art in the Southwest. ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY has effected an arrangement whereby any of its readers may obtain an annual subscription to *El Palacio* upon payment of one dollar through this office. Specimen copies will be sent on request.

Vindication of Eve

Many of us felt, even before the rise and triumph of feminism, a great sympathy for Eve. In collateral, if unrelated, accounts of other Gardens of Eden, naive or sophisticated explanations, all over the world, of the origin of evil and death, one finds forbidden trees and fruits; but why should a woman be credited anywhere with bringing sin into the world and all our woe? We are speaking merely of myths, legends, folk stories of primitive races, past or contemporary; but even many reverent readers of the Bible must have regretted the weakness and irresponsibility shown by the grand old gardener in hiding behind his wife. There, speaking without irreverence, began the false and famous direction, "Cherchez la femme." It smacks of an Eastern, of savage, contempt for woman. It has been harped upon endlessly by long generations of theologians.

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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

From the famous Babylonian tablets in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania comes a contradiction of the masculine theory so far as our vanished but unforgotten friends, the Sumerians, dwellers in lower Babylonia in the dark backward and abysm of time, are concerned. A flood tale of theirs shows that NOAH ate the forbidden fruit after landing from the Ark. He was saved from the deluge by one of the goddesses so active in ancient Babylonia. Mother Eve is not in the story. This is a discovery singularly apt and contemporary.—*New York Times*.

The Union Académique Internationale and the American Council of Learned Societies.

A notable result of the war was the organization by the academies and societies of the allied and neutral countries, devoted to the pure and physical sciences, of the International Research Council. Following the example of their scientific colleagues the scholars in the various humanistic fields have, as the result of two conferences held in Paris in May and October of last year, organized the Union Académique Internationale with headquarters at Brussels. This new international union of academies is participated in by the academies and learned societies of most of the allied and neutral countries. In order that the scholars of the United States may cooperate effectively in maintaining the Union a loose form of federation bearing the name of American Council of Learned Societies has been adopted by the nine following societies: American Philosophical Society, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, American Antiquarian Society, American Philological Association, Archaeological Institute of America, American Historical Association, American Economic Association, American Political Science Association, American Sociological Society. Three other societies are expected to join the Council in the near future: The American Oriental Society, the Modern Language Association of America, and the American Philosophical Association. The first meeting of the Council was held in New York on February 14, when an organization was effected by the election of officers and the appointment of committees. The officers are: Chairman, Professor Charles H. Haskins of Harvard University; vice-chairman, Professor John C. Rolfe, of the University of Pennsylvania; secretary-treasurer, Professor George M. Whicher of Hunter College, who is also general secretary of the Archaeological Institute. The Executive committee is composed of the officers and professors Allyn A. Young of Cornell and Hiram Bingham of Yale. The committee on ways and means is made up of professors Joseph P. Chamberlain and James C. Egbert, both of Columbia University, the latter being president of the Archaeological Institute, and Dr. J. Franklin Jameson of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The Council elected Professor James T. Shotwell and Mr. William H. Buckler delegates to the next meeting of the International Union which is to be held in Brussels in May. The Council considered and approved the recommendations drawn up by a committee of the Peace Conference, of which Mr. Buckler was a member, for the protection of archaeological and historical interests in the Ottoman Empire as it was in 1914. Other international undertakings which were considered and which the delegates were instructed to approve are the continuation of the Corpus Inscriptionum, both Latin and Greek, the publication of a general map of the Roman world, the collection of Greek Christian inscriptions, and the revision of the Glossarium of mediaeval Latin of Du Cange.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

The Red Man as the Supreme Artist of America.

Under the above title *Current Opinion* for March devotes three pages to an abstract of Marsden Hartley's article, "An American Plea for American Aesthetics" in the January ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY with reproductions from that number of "The Corn Dance, Santo Domingo" (Allan True) and "Ancestral Spirits" (John Sloan). *Current Opinion* says in comment:

"In a striking plea for a national esthetic consciousness, Marsden Hartley turns to the ceremonials of the red man, declaring that 'it is an imperative issue for every one loving the name America to cherish him while he remains among us as the only esthetic representative of our great country up to the present hour.' Under the title of 'An American Plea for American Esthetics,' Mr. Hartley pays an unqualified tribute to the red man as the one true esthete of our country. It is the red man, he asserts in ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, who has written down our earliest known history—he has indicated for all time the symbolic splendor of our plains, canyons, mountains, lakes, mesas and ravines, our forests and our native skies, with their animal inhabitants, the deer, the eagle and the various other living presences in our midst. He has learned throughout the centuries the nature of our soil and has symbolized for his own religious and esthetic satisfaction all the various forms that have become benefactors to him.' * * * * Mr. Hartley writes these words after witnessing the various ceremonials of the Indians of the Southwest. As an artist of the modern school, Marsden Hartley is an ardent champion of the red-man ceremonials, especially for their captivating artistry, for the great and perfected beauty of their esthetics: * * * *

"How many Americans are cognizant of this great artistic treasure-house so close at hand? The red man's sense of symbolic significance, declares Marsden Hartley, is unsurpassed. He is a genius in detail and in ensemble. He does not depend upon artificial appliances to gain his effects. 'He relies entirely upon the sun with its so clear light of the West and Southwest to do his profiling and silhouetting for him, and he knows that the sun will cooperate with every one of his intentions.' * * * *

"Marsden Hartley complains that as Americans we do not sufficiently value this esthetic prize. Our American Indian is a rapidly disappearing splendor, despite the possible encouragement of statistics. 'He needs the dance to make his body live out its natural existence, precisely as he needs the air for his lungs and blood for his veins.' * * * *

"As Americans, concludes the artist critic, we should accept the one American genius we possess, with genuine alacrity. 'We have upon our own soil something to show the world as our own, while it lives.' The red man possesses a superb gift for stylistic expression. 'He is the living artist in our midst.' * * * * He has created his system for himself from substance on through outline down to every convincing detail. The red man is poet and artist of the very first order among the geniuses of time. We have nothing more native at our disposal than the beautiful creations of his people.'

"In the same number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, Dr. Edgar L. Hewett declares that Americans ought no longer be satisfied with the notion of the red man gained at transcontinental railroad stations.

"Many have no other impression of the Indian, and judge the race therefrom. We must do away with this picture and get the archaeologists' view of America of a thousand years ago. We must see the race as it was prior to foreign contact.'"

BOOK CRITIQUES

Landscape and Figure Painters of America, by Frederick Fairchild Sherman. New York, privately printed, pp. 71.

Under a title perhaps too comprehensive for the actual contents of the book, Mr. Sherman considers a half dozen painters who were chosen, apparently, for that best of reasons, personal liking. The volume is essentially a book of appreciations; and as such it is to be welcomed.

As such, also, it is primarily an expression of personal opinions; and a certain type of reviewer could be easily tempted into a prolonged debate as to the correctness of some of those opinions. But what is here chosen for commendation is the prevailing moderation of tone. Only now and then, as in the essay on Lillian Genth, are the adjectives too strong. Mr. Sherman refuses to be swept off his feet into that foolish rhapsodical writing which always awakens in the reader's mind a doubt as to the writer's sincerity. For this relief amid the gush which goes by the name of art criticism, much thanks!

True words are spoken of Ryder, Martin, and Daingerfield. Mr. Sherman also performs a service in calling attention to a painter practically unknown to the public—Robert Loftin Newman. But the level-headedness which characterizes this volume is nowhere better displayed than in the essay on Blakelock, whose unquestionable but somewhat limited talent has been subjected to much extravagance of language.

In every case Mr. Sherman attempts the function of the genuine critic. Nowhere is he content to emphasize limitations merely or to complain that a painter does not give what he is incapable of giving; Mr. Sherman takes the trouble to put into words what he conceives to be the actual positive qualities possessed in each case. He is the sane and unaffected appreciator of the artists he undertakes to write about: and on this very account such words of praise as he gives are all the more effective.

The illustrations are refreshingly unhackneyed and their very abundance, in proportion to the size of the book, render it worth having.

VIRGIL BARKER.

David Edstrom and His Sculpture.

"A selection of articles and comments by eminent European critics and writers." Edited and translated from the original languages of various foreign periodicals through the courtesy of Dr. John M. McBride, Jr., and Dr. George M. Baker, both of the faculty of the University of the South. The University Press of Sewanee, Tenn., 1917."

This brochure is an excellent example of the printer's art; a paper-covered pamphlet of 30 type pages, 8½×11 inches with large margins; illustrated with 21 insert pages of half-tone reproductions of his works, etc., in sepia, as is the printing.

From the evidence submitted in these criticisms of the artist and his creations, one is led to believe that Mr. Edstrom is making a distinct contribution to the real art of this generation.

It would be difficult to praise an artist more highly than he has been praised by critics from most of the European art centers, according to the testimony submitted in this collection of their writings; he is modern, personal, independent, progressive (sanely so), not ignoring the lessons learned through the years by his predecessors in his art.

The stamp of his own individuality is on his work, but still more evident is the personality of the subject if it is portraiture; if an allegorical or other illustrative subject it is the idea he is expressing that dominates; form, composition, and textures taking their proper places as means to this end.

His technic is varied, and wonderfully expressive of the thought which he embodies in clay, marble, or bronze. David Edstrom was born at Hvetlanda in 1873, a village of Smoland, Sweden; six years later he came to America with his parents. At 21 years of age, after having worked in America at rough work in various trades, he returned to his native land and entered a technical school to learn the first principles of art; later he entered the Royal Academy, subsequently studying in Italy and France. One writer characterized him as a Swede by birth, an American by bringing up, and a cosmopolitan in his art.

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